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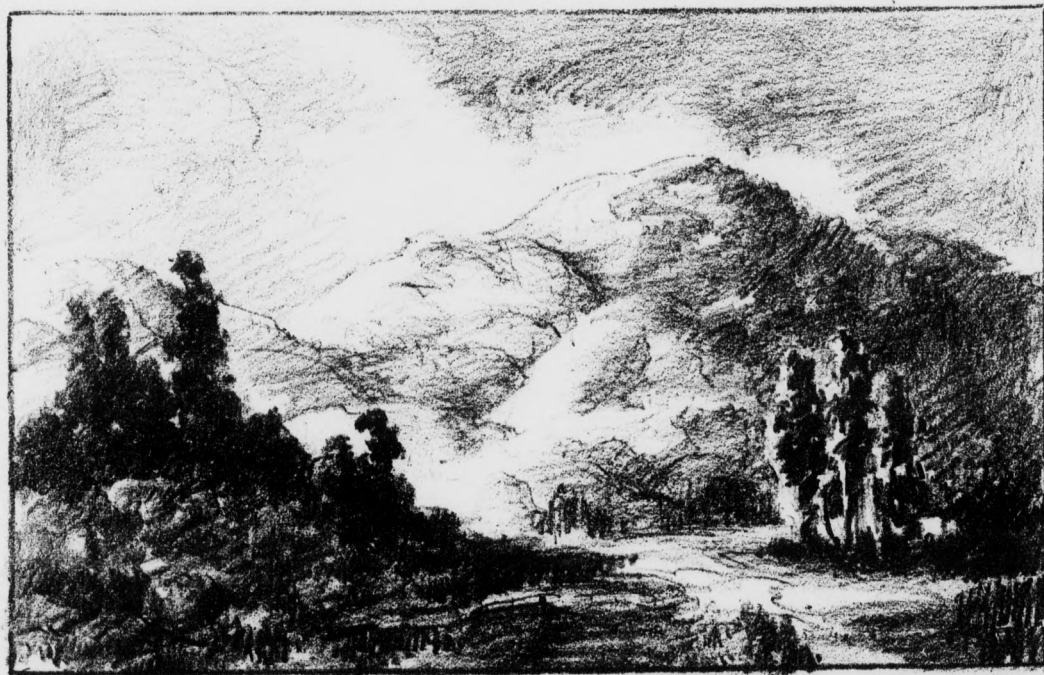
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HIGH LIGHTS

OCTOBER 1944

Volume 5 Number 8

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued monthly by Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane, in Sierra Madre, California.

MANY DIVIDED

Helen Ferguson Caukin

That which I am to you, no other
Ever may hope to be;
And you are what you and you only
Mean to me.

Yet there are many of you, divided
With many, far and wide;
And try as I may devotedly
To draw beside

Them all, and thus revere what others
Matter-of-factly view,
Those hidden beings-of-you escape me
Seeking you.

But never shall I envy any
Woman, child or man:
Not one has found my world in you,
Nor ever can.

(New Mexico Quarterly Review)

CONVENTION

Do you know that there is a wall between you and me? Oh, it is nothing that is visible to the eye or tangible to the fingertips; instead, it is obtrusively evident to the mind or the seeing understanding and is painfully felt, in its loneliness, by the sensory soul. It cannot readily be passed from side to side for there is no opening in all its circuit and it is harder than granite and steel. It cannot be undermined for it runs underground as deep as our animal instincts; it cannot be scaled for it is as steep and as lofty as the Peaks of Fear.

You know, the strangest part of it is that this wall is altogether man-made -- it has been built by ourselves. It was not always there, because I remember as tiny children of five or seven, when first we met, how we simply said hello to one another and within two minutes were play-

ing together like age-old friends. We did not stand apart then eyeing each other with suspicion and mistrust, mulling about in our clouded minds as to whether or not it might be quite safe to "see" one another before settling such silly questions as, from which end of the avenue the other might hail, or whether your father and not mine is listed in the social register, in Dunn and Bradstreet and among the college dons. It did not occur to us for a moment that there might be any difference at all between us because of the shadows of ancient flags, the stains of spiritual travel or because one of us was dyed with a deeper tan. We were not even aware in those days that there might ever stand across our path that highly ridiculous, that most incongruous barrier known as sex. In that paradise we had not yet been told that we were naked or that the fig leaf might ever be of any use but as a bright banner among the figs.

How changed everything is today! Now that we are no longer helpless children but strong men and women, we have put off our once candid bravery and are clothed with dissimulating fear. We stalk each other about like two lumbering heavyweights in the ring, displaying our excellent footwork while loathe to come to grips. We spar lightly to and fro for a little with polite inanities and then break out of each other's reach as mutually insincere as when we entered the lists. We dare not fall to with earnest blows, to pummel each other in conversation with serious thought. That way lies boredom; and better, always far better, that we live to penetrate those bright inner circles as morons than that we be cast out into the far exterior darkness as stuffy bores.

Do you wish to speak to me, brother, out of your loneliness into my emptiness? Please make it short and facetious. I can stand a little of your ribaldry, a few of your coarse mother-in-law jokes and, more especially, something of your malicious gossip; but, for heaven's sake, nothing of any measurable depth, nothing, you understand, calling for any cerebration. Otherwise, in some moment of weakness, I might find myself agreeing with you about something worth while, and so expose my shrinking inner self to the quiet mockery of your gaze.

Did you see me today hobbling down the street with one foot in a sling and my head bandaged up? I broke my foot kicking against the underpinnings of convention, and cracked my head while butting futilely against the crenelated battlements of reserve. As soon as I am given a medical discharge I shall probably strike into the same battle all over again because, in these matters, I never learn

from experience. I am probably very foolish; but I have a feeling, a kind of faith that nothing can dampen, that some day I am going to break through this wall between you and me, between mine and thine. If ever I do, I shall have so many curious pent-up things to tell you, in the mad rush of my exuberance, that you will be rendered spellbound as before a miracle of the ages; and you, too, you are going to say so much to me of the strange and the unusual that I shall be alight in another world of whose reality I have neither known nor dreamed.

* * * * *

Here are jewels in double handfuls; here is raiment that was fashioned to the ages and, long ago, was measured by the gods:-

Here, for you, is the springtide of youth, sprays of yellow catkins for your hands and for your hair. If you choose these, April rains will race you over the flowered hills, and the dawn will find you, its shell-pink and pal-ing gold wind-whispering through creaming clouds and sound-ing song by the strands of the bluing sea. Here, too, is the full summer of manhood and the dark maples green with heady leaf. Take but these and adventure awaits you in the bluster of winds and in the hot noonday sun. The thunder-storm will overtake you, and the lightning flare from peak to jagged peak. Here, as well, is the mellow autumn of mid-dle age, silver frost upon the hills and, in the valleys, veils of lilac haze. If these be your choice, yellow and scarlet leaves will sweep about you in the late afternoon, and the sunset come to you across the heavens in garments of crimson and in robes of indigo and deepening rose. And here, in keep for you, is the winter of age, lacy shadows smoke-blue on drifting snow. Accept of these, too, if you will; then, will the twilight beckon you home to rest and quiet, and the night descend calmly about you, silent mem-ories in silverpoint brightening the skies above you in constellation after constellation of eternal stars.

These gifts are mine freely to share with you be-cause they were given freely to me. If you share them, you take nothing from me. On the contrary, by the more you share them, the more I am enriched. Let me be your friend in the dawn, your companion in noonday adventure, your com-rade through the afternoon and in the setting sun; and, when the snows are fallen and the twilight is come, let us be near together, for a little while to talk quietly and happily there into the intimate hours of the closing night.

L.B.W.

GREETINGS FROM OVERSEAS

Lt. Edith Justeson

Greetings from N. Africa! We have no lights. I'm writing this by candlelight. We're on rations -- no fruit, no milk, no butter, no fresh vegetables. There are four of us in a tent. We sleep in bed-rolls. The wind blows a terrific gale constantly. We can't unpack a thing. It would be covered with dust an inch thick in five minutes. We wear fatigues, helmets, leggings and boots all the time, even on duty. We are on water rations -- one gallon a day for every thing -- to drink, to bathe, for clothes. We have to chop our own wood. They want us to get practice. Got a slight promotion yesterday. A new ward was opened up and I was put in charge. I have to start from scratch and order all the equipment. In a day or two I'll have it ready for the patients to move in.

* * * * *

Greetings from England! Well, I made it. There is so much to tell and so little I'm allowed to tell. I can't yet find words to describe how I felt away out there in the middle of the Atlantic. I was seasick; but it's all over now, and I think I'll live. So much has happened, both in reality and in my imagination; but censor rules prohibit it being told. I just can't believe that everything I love is now behind me; I can't share the enthusiasm of some of my fellow travelers.

This evening, however, I am very happy. Our mail came through -- 16 letters for me. I can truthfully say it was one of the most thrilling moments of my life when they handed me my stack of mail. We all went wild when we heard that our mail from home was here. There were actually tears in many eyes; I was no exception.

We are billeted out. That means that we live with private families. I have a good set-up. I'm living with a middle-aged widow who's a music teacher. She has a lovely old home, most of it rented out. I have a room by myself -- something of a luxury here. My landlady lost her husband a couple years ago, killed in the war. She's a very cultured, dignified woman, but very lonely. She mothers me -- puts hot water bottles in my bed and does nice little things for me. The English treat us wonderfully well, especially us American nurses. Even with our rationing at home, our people haven't felt the war at all as compared with the English. I feel sorry for these people. Everything is so very

scarce; yet, they offer us things which I know they can't afford. My landlady brings me hot tea every evening after I am in bed -- wakes me up for it, in fact. She insists that I take it; yet, I know she doesn't really have enough to be giving it to me. I give her stuff like cream and lip-stick of which she has none. I've been diplomatically refusing food. I don't eat here at the house. Our unit eats together at the American Army Club. We meet three times a day for meals. There our plans are formulated and announcements are made. The rest of the time is our own; so I have much spare time to stroll through the village and get acquainted with the English people and see their every mode of life. It is all very interesting. I'm so happy over our location. It is a very beautiful spot. But who knows what may happen? I've decided to enjoy this while it lasts.

There is really nothing we can buy here, things are so strictly rationed; but we have an American P.X. here where we can get some things. Later, I may have to write for something. We are allowed to receive five pound packages from the States if we write and request some definite article. Right now there is something I'd love to have very much -- some lemons. Fresh fruit is something never heard of where I am. I've had a horrible craving for lemons lately. I could eat one raw if I had it, and use the rest for lemonade. Besides, there's a lot of vitamins in lemons; and God knows, these canned rations don't contain any. I think I'll buy a bicycle. I can get one for 32 dollars American money, and can sell it back to the shop at any time for 28; so it pays. Everyone here has one. It does not get dark here at this time of the year until 10:30 P.M.; so I can cycle about in the evenings and get out into the country a little.

Everything is fine with me. I keep busy going to classes and lectures. I am now hard at work studying German and French -- command lessons. We have to learn them. I am also the manager of a girls' soft ball team. We practice a couple hours a day. One of the other units has challenged us to a game next week. We have a darn good team, and I think we can beat them. I'm playing catcher. Besides that, we never know from one day to the next what we're going to be doing -- but I couldn't tell you if I knew. But, you may know we're busy. These are great days. There seems to be a new hope here and silent prayers. The nurses have been sewing down at the British Red Cross, making sheets, gowns and hospital supplies. It's fun, and I'm learning to sew. I think that days of leisure are about over. Things are happening fast over here and one never knows just what comes next. I'll have some good stories to tell when this is over and done. Until then, they will have to wait.

This English weather is not so hot. Don't let anyone tell you it is. We had a short Spring -- lasted two days. It's cold again as hell and rains every day. I can't believe that it's June. How I should love to be in California where the sun shines. When I get back, I never intend to leave again. The good old U.S.A. can't be beat. To be an American, to live in America and with those you love, -- what on earth more could one want! Yes, I'm dreadfully lonesome and homesick; and yet, I know, I'm the richest woman in the world. It's only a slight matter of time.

* * * * *

Greetings from France! Don't I get around! So much has happened -- I've seen and heard so much. -- somehow I don't know quite what to say. Life has been a bit on the rugged -- seasick for a few days. We arrived but our baggage didn't. We slept in an open field under the French stars without even a blanket. Today, we have a better set-up -- tents and our bed-rolls. We've moved so fast that no mail has caught up with us for over a week. By the time you receive this, we'll be into work up to our necks.

As we drove through the French towns, the civilians cheered us and threw flowers and kisses to us. I've never seen such horrible destruction as I've seen here. Now I know why we waited and trained so long -- we'll need every ounce of our training that we've received. At night you can see the flashes of fire in the skies from the battle ahead of us, and there are terrific explosions. During the day, it is quite peaceful. There is so much to tell and so little I can say. I can't tell you where I am; but, no doubt, you can guess.

I am so terribly busy. We work day and night. In fact, I spent ten minutes trying to find out what day this is. I've been on duty now for about 14 hours today, and God only knows when I'll get off. I've seen and heard things which I never in all my wildest dreams thought were possible. Yet, we are so busy, nothing bothers us much. At this moment most of my patients are asleep; so I'm taking time out to say that I'm still all right but so tired I can't think, I just can't write any more. I don't have the time. Sometimes we snatch a few hours sleep; then, they call us. I haven't had my clothes off for days. My only prayer is that it will all be over soon. God, but it's horrid! Please write often. And pray for me. I'm living only to come pack home.

horace

the guild mouse

evry so often we hav xsitement in the studio. the time rachel got into the mustard wuz 1; and when we had that gift nite wuz 1, 2. alf has bin acting funny. he has bin painting sum funny pikshurs and bin saying sum pritty funny things. rachel is worried. you wud no what i meen if u cud here alf. it wud shock you 2. a frend of alfs started it. he wanted alf to help paint a pikshur and that is the pikshur. alf he says things. lik abe dull de bull bull de meer and then paints on the pikshur. a muriel he kalls it. this frend off hisn a very respected member of the society is kalled the senator but rachel and me dont think he is so good fer alf. i have never seen alf paint this way before. all my artistik instincts is turned upsidedown. in other of his pikshurs alf painted you alwaz new the place as it wuz sumthing u sore last weak or the weak before. as sum peepul say "it fairly sings to you!" whatever that meens. but now alf stands be4 his muriel and says abe dull de bull bull de meer whatever that meens and ivan scavinsky scavar and dabs sum more. the senator all so dabs sum 2 and he sez abe dull de bull bull de meer 2. efen sally sez it 2. only she sings it. other peepul is just as worried as me.

a frend frum pass a deena wuz trying 2 help alf out. he brung pritty kolored glass and stuck them up onto the muriel but efen that didnt help. and peepul has bin kuming around 2 look at the muriel and they seem shocked 2. it is all very komplected. rachel and me sit in the oven and worry and evry so often we go and look and look threw the door and lissen to abe dull de bull bull de meer ayand look at all them peepul being put into the muriel and rach runs back and buries her hed in part of old man brohansens winter underware we got fer a komfertur. she sez it is all very indelikate. the pikshur not the underware. rachel is so worried she sent all the children down to mackullas fer the summer.

rol lewis komes in 2 or severil times a day and he looks at the muriel and then goez back and lones sumbody a severil thousand \$\$\$\$00. it hed better stop. sumbodys got 2 dew sumthing. last nite i wok up and herd sumbody singing abe dull de bull bull de meer and when i wuz awak there wuz nt nobody there. i looked threw the door into the studio an sum of the nakid womin in the muriel wuz dancing. o brother wuz that wiked. this morning i think it is a nitemare and anyway i havnt told rachel. she wud bee worried. i wish as how sumbody new sandscript i no what alf is saying is a ded langwidge. abe dull de bull bull de meer see im doing it 2.

JASCHA GEGNA

On Monday, September 18, Jascha Gegna died at the Jewish Sanatorium in Duarte. Burial was in Hollywood Cemetery.

Mr. Gegna, a distinguished concert violinist and a teacher of the violin, was born sixty-five years ago in Russia. He received his early musical training from his father, a brilliant composer and violinist. Later, upon graduating from the Kiev Conservatory of Music, he studied for a time under the eminent master, Leopold Auer. He lived fifteen years in New York where he was recognized not only as an excellent teacher of the violin but also as a concert artist of outstanding ability. He came eventually to California and resided for a number of years in Sierra Madre. Here he was active in Guild affairs where he organized and conducted for a time the Guild orchestra until ill health forced him to retire.

GUILD MEETINGS

The next meeting of the Guild will be held on Friday evening, October 6, at the usual place, when Mr. Oscar Van Leer, recently come to Sierra Madre, will speak on the subject of Holland -- the German invasion, its effect upon the population, everyday life, science and art.

Mr. Van Leer was born in Amsterdam, Holland. He studied at the Universities of Amsterdam and Delft, majoring in physics, and he later instituted and organized the first optical plant in the Netherlands, at Delft, in collaboration with the University there. World War No. 2 interrupted this work and, one year after the invasion of the Netherlands, he came to this country. Upon his arrival here in July of 1941, he started again with the same line of work and organized a plant in Pasadena which is now producing scientific optical instruments and navigational instruments for the Navy, wholly engaged in the war effort.

At the September meeting, Mr. Mungo Park spoke to us in happy vein on the subject of "Irish Stew," a lecture on Ireland, as it turned out, both enlightening and, in its humorous anecdotes, most amusing.

BIG TOWN STUFF

Edith Pictor

Step inside a store on Broadway above Sixth. To the left, by the entrance, piled very high on the circular, booth-like case are pink-topped jars, bottles and boxes. A young woman presides, natural blond hair braided about her head, with a pink and white complexion, God-given but preserved, perhaps, by the use of the articles she sells.

Fat women, middle-aged women, lean women, women with children, stop, listen and watch the demonstration and BUY. Not the kind of women seen in the Miracle Mile, those charge customers or shoppers on Seventh Street. From the East Side, the northern parts of the city and from out of town, come the patrons of this store, cash buyers of these nationally known powders, creams and lotions.

"Shall I put the cream on before I apply the astringent?" asks a woman. "Certainly, and in this way," cautions the demonstrator, making deft patting movements over her clear skin. "So glad to see you again. Will send out your order." The sales check of this woman's purchase alone amounted to thirty-two dollars. For beauty parlor work? No; for that plain woman's own use. She had bought twenty-seven dollars worth the month before. How do they do it?

The woman who sells and demonstrates this line of beauty aids and helps, knows her business. She has traveled all over the United States and even to the Islands for the company who manufacture them. She came to Los Angeles seven years ago, liked it so well that she "stayed put" and has made more money, aside from her salary, from commissions in this one store than ever before.

"Yes," she laughed; "I sure do have the cream of it. I show and demonstrate with a patron who must be a customer. When I get through, a wrinkled housewife can't help but look twenty-five percent better. Sales? Like hot cakes and all cash. Not so bad. Type of people I have? Rather have them than your swanky charge customers. White-skinned, dark or yellow, they all buy. When I was in Honolulu, my greatest sales were among the Japs and Chinese. Last week I had an order from a Jap woman in a concentration camp, a fifty-three dollar sale. Evidently she expects to get out and stay here in America for she wanted the premium trade stamps that the store gives with purchases."

A man, purposeful in his bearing, walked up to the demonstrator. "The same cream? We are having a special, two

jars for the price of one as heretofore. For the duration, we will be putting out the larger size only."

After his exit: "He's been coming here for years. That's his bank around the corner. Buys his wife's cream. Getting the cream, I think I am. Don't you?"

One of those little hat shops -- a table with some left-over winter felts at a bargain price of a dollar each. Women crowding about, picking them up, trying them on. Suddenly, one of them, head bare, frantically pawing over the pile in search. "My hat! It's gone. Someone's taken it. This isn't mine." She held up a very soiled and much worn large headgear.

A big Negro woman turned, snatching off a hat from her oily, slick black tresses. She threw it down with a "What fo youse doin' wid my hat?" Grabbing it from the woman, she stalked out with a great show of injured innocence as she tossed back over her shoulder, "Youse was too small, anyway."

Gas rationing has brought about the carrying of more bundles, packages and bags on streetcar and bus, awkward for the passengers and for the conductor or driver as well. A bus driver told this story:-

"The funniest experience I've ever had as a driver was when I held up a whole bus-load of passengers and a woman's skirt at the same time. Just ready to close the doors when a fat woman rushed up, packages, bundles in arms, her purse dangling open. She clambered aboard, panting. 'Take my fare,' she gasped; 'Can't let go these things.' I plunged my hand into the pocketbook and brought out two or three pennies. 'Not there,' she puffed. 'It's in my stocking, a dollar bill. Just reach up and get it.' I reached."

Saturday mid-afternoon. The D car, outbound. A few passengers, among them a woman, attractive in red hat, red gloves and purse, alone in the rear. At Alvarado, a man nopped on, dropped into a seat across from the woman and

settled back with a deep sigh. He looked about him, at the passengers, out of the window. Half-turning, he looked at the woman across from him with an intent gaze. The more he looked, the more pleased became his expression.

The woman was pretty, used to being admired. She gave him a fleeting, provocative glance. A smile spread over his features. From his case he took a small book and pencil and began to note something. Reddening her lips, she preened herself for his advance. Still looking at her, more broadly smiling, he commented half-audibly, "There's some figure for you."

The next stop was her's. Hurriedly she made her exit, eyes inviting the man to follow. He did not move, but sat smiling vacantly across the aisle.

In that quiet moment before the car started again, there came his pleased voice, talking to himself, "Yes sir, there's a figure for you, a nice fat commission for a day's work."

He was astride a steed never seen on the range, one foot trailing on the ground, the other on the pedal of a bicycle propped against the shaven trunk of a palm tree. Evidently one of those manufactured, Hollywood movie cow-boys, brilliant in blue satin, open-necked shirt with pipings and buttons, jeans shortened with bottoms turned up to show riding boots topped in scrolls of white leather, yellow pig-skin gloves, with a Mexican carved belt drolled up with silver buckle and nubbins, his slender, boyish figure looked like nothing from "back on the farm."

"I'm waitin' for my two pals. They go to school by here. You see, us folks had three farms but the drought came along and kinda dried things up. We was able to sell and I brought my pinto along. A friend done everything for me. Got me registered, Central Casting, and a job at Warner's. Kinda different here though to Oklahona. We ain't got no Junior High, just High. Dad's working in defense and Ma, she likes it here in Californy, so we stay. Can't says I like it though. Ain't got the space and you can't do what you want like back on the ranch."

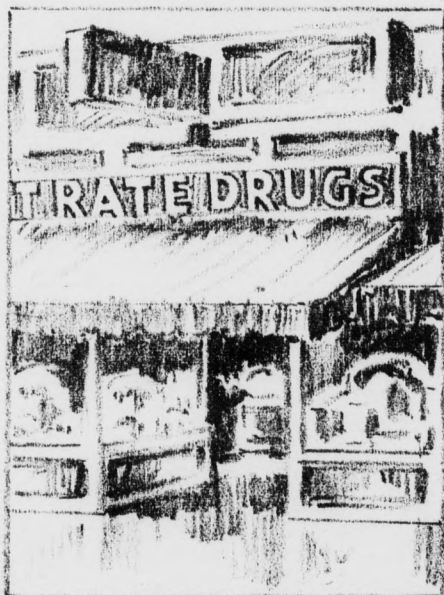
"Oh, sure, they wear shirts like this back home. Won this in a rodeo, also the belt. The studio gives us the rest we work in. Didn't have to buy much. But these boots cost me twenty-three dollars."



HAPPY'S
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